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ANGELS AND MISSILES

"DID you ever see a fairy's funeral?" asked Blake once of a lady by whom he was sitting at a social gathering. "Never, sir", replied the lady. "I have", replied Blake, "but not before last night". He then went on to describe what he had seen. The fairies were carrying a body on a rose leaf and were walking beneath the flowers. "Did you ever see a ghost?" asked a friend of Blake. "Never but once", replied the poet, and he then described the ghost, "a horrible-scaly creature" from which he ran away as fast as possible.

The point of sanity, if there is one, in these comments is that Blake had not seen a fairy's funeral "before last night"; and that he had only seen a ghost once. Fairies' funerals apparently were frequent, but he had only recently seen one, and ghosts were about, but for some strange reason only one had appeared to him. The world of Blake apparently was one of fairies and ghosts, but only occasionally did they show themselves to him.

Clearly Blake was a fit subject for the psychiatrists. But then so was Coleridge and Shelley, not to mention quite a number of other poets.

Did Blake see fairies and a ghost? Presumably not. But it is unquestionable that he thought he did, and it is not wise to dismiss this as a kind of madness. There should be second thoughts about it.

For a large number of people will be singing about angels this Christmas, even in Unitarian Churches. They will not think it mad. Christmas, they will say, is hardly Christmas without the carols and all the seasonable imagery. And obviously they are right. Presumably they do not see angels, but they gladly sing about them, and gladness and singing must be about something real somewhere.

If Blake was mad then his madness was very near the rationality of the millions of entirely sane people who will enter with wonderful cheerfulness into the Christmas imagery this year.

In fact, men have to make up their minds about sanity. The future of the world they live in may depend upon it.

Scanning the Heavens

On Christmas Eve of this year certain gentlemen will be scanning the heavens. They will not be looking for angels. Angels! They will be looking for Sputniks. But if by any chance they could convey all the possible sounds to be obtained from the Sputniks to all the televisions and radio sets in every Christian country, then on the whole the "Christians" would prefer to hear the melodies about the angels. Sputnik or no Sputnik, science or no science, a rational world or a non-rational, the non-rational of the angels is to be preferred to the rational. The heavenly choirs singing to the shepherds is somehow nearer to the peace of man's spirit than a dead dog, presumably having been slowly put to death, whirling around in outer space. The chorus of angels may be a legend, but the legend seems to be more explanatory of the world men live in than the carefully plotted charts and noted facts of the man-made objects in the skies.

Populating the Heavens

This, of course, is heresy. The plain orthodoxy of common sense is the entirely sane act of elaborately trained men flying about in the skies, in wonderful mechanical devices, upon a permanent rota, carrying explosives that at one go could destroy a few million people. This is not mad. It cannot be. It has been devised by eminently sane men who have never seen a fairy in their lives or been frightened by a ghost. The aeroplane in the sky is a real object. There is no arguing about it. There are men up there on the job. And if one of the entirely sane men who have placed those aeroplanes there was the last man on the globe, the globe having been virtually destroyed by his manipulative inventions, he would still declare that one, William Blake, was mad, and he, having blown the world to smithereens, was the rational person. This great modern age, so infinitely better than all that has gone before, has depopulated the heavens of angels, and put in their place the Sputniks (and the dead dog), and the aeroplanes with the hydrogen bombs. They will all be there on Christmas Eve, and there will be a fair number of people, having instruments of various kinds, who will be listening to them and plotting their movements.

There will even be men, "at their posts", ready if a command should come to send ballistic missiles through the heavens, and kill off a few million of the human race.

The Modern Decision

The men of the scientific age literally have to decide what is real. What, for instance, does the Christmas imagery mean? Does it pierce to any reality? Would it be far better to have a human world built around Sputniks, radar telescopes, more and more scientists, not because science is a calling (dear me, what is a calling?) but because it is better to catch up with other nations? The decision is a vital one. What does religious imagery reveal? Has it anything to say in a scientific world? The answers

to those questions seem to be about as important as any for a peace that "passeth all understanding".

It may be just as well to listen to William Blake and what he is trying to say, as to accept without question the entirely crazy world of push-button destruction. Why, after all, should the last word about what this world and life are for be left to the handful of men who put the Sputniks in the skies and the retaliatory aeroplanes? There are probably profounder answers to be found in the first chapters of the gospels according to Matthew and Luke.

MY NINETY YEARS

By G. G. Desmond

(Mr. George Desmond, ninety years of age, a member of the Cheltenham congregation, was a distinguished journalist among many distinguished journalists. He was asked to write about his ninety years. He casts himself in the role of Everyman.)

MY ninety years? We must not forget that I have been here ninety-thousand times before this, and may come ninety-thousand times again. Shall we suppose that this is Everyman being asked, "How many pebbles have you found this trip?"

In the first few years I was gloating over the possession of that fine old pebble, Knowledge of Good and Evil, counting its prickles and prisms, reciting its logic, when there came news of another gem that could be found by skilled and diligent search. The tip was sent to me by Socrates 5,000 B.C. but did not reach me till A.D. 1887. In just two words, "Know Thyself".

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"Splendid," said I. "That will I do and so get wisdom, get understanding and what not?"

It has not come off at all like that. I have not got within sight of myself. Sometimes I have seemed to see him but it has turned out to be no more than a reflection, perhaps my opposite, perhaps my upset.

Let me give a short account of one of my search adventures.

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There were two people met in give and take, argument or bargaining, or negotiations, as one of them said. I am one of those two, but I don't know which.

Each of us used the same good name for himself and his cause, and the same bad name for the other and his ideology.

I still don't know which of the two I am.

What do we really expect to be the outcome of this discussion? One of us hopes that the other will die and so he will get it all his own way. The other hopes the same. Of course I would not dream of getting behind him and hastening his demise, and, of course, that goes for him too. But I, if it is I, am glad when he seems to sicken and sorry when he gets better.

I have just declared that I will negotiate no more till I have got a position of strength. "Same here", says he, and shows me a great megaton. "Wait a bit", says I, "Look at this rocket".

As you say, a queer "negotiation". In a boys' book of long ago a revolver was given the name of persuader. I had thought until now that this was a joke.

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An opposite proposal has just been made—that we both put aside all our arms and talk without them in thought or deed. "What?" say I. "Come naked? How awkward. What should I do with my hands?"

There are two children quarrelling on the beach—almost to murder point with their little spades and buckets. Perhaps helped by the bystanders they get the idea to unite in the building of one big sand-castle.

There is a most urgent piece of work waiting to be done by those two latent mass murderers. No less than saving the lives of millions of starving neighbours. Each of us is eager to be doing that work. Why not? One of them calls it a charity, the other, the removal of a seed-bed. We are as divided as ever upon what we shall call it.

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It seems, therefore, that I have not got far towards getting a pebble this trip.

Concerning weapons and killing. When I was fifty I was killing by thousands, at seventy-five by myriads, and quickly after that by millions. This business is very hard to stop. I have come to the conclusion that the only way is for me to say, "I'll not kill, come what will".

But here comes my time off.

Many are the new toys these years have given. From crossword to sputnik, no doubt, three times as many as in any like period from the beginning of time. Perhaps too many at one time.

So good Ninety; Au revoir.

IT OCCURRED TO ME

By Muriel Hilton

A YEAR or more ago two young artist friends recommended us to read "The World of Silence", by Max Picard, as a book they were sure we should value. I made a mental note of it but did not go further in the matter. Then, a few months ago, a friend through *The Inquirer* mentioned it, and subsequently it was revealed that he was its translator from German to English. I immediately went to the public library and found there was a copy, but, unfortunately, not available at the moment. They notified me when it was returned, though I had to wait a long time, and for the last few weeks I have been absorbed in the book, copying much of it into my commonplace book. The difficulty has been to decide what to leave out!

Those of a contemplative nature know the varied textures of silence, its subtle meanings, its strange revelations. Max Picard finds and communicates qualities of silence which have probably been overlooked even by those who realize its necessity and significance. Today silence has been profaned and violated. People do not seek it and apparently do not desire it, yet by disregarding this basic phenomenon of their nature they are committing incalculable harm to themselves and to others. Never has the world been so full of noise as today, never have people been so restless and nerve-wracked. We know people who find it necessary to have a radio perpetually blaring at all hours of the day, who move from neighbourhoods that are too quiet. "Who wants quiet and privacy?" a man remarked when we happened to meet in a "show bungalow" in a nearby building estate. "Those commodities are definitely out". Max Picard sounds a voice of warning to those who so easily dismiss silence, and I believe it is a prophetic voice, one to be disregarded at our peril. Silence is not the absence of noise and speech, it is not negative, but a complete positive world of which we are part.

"Silence is not visible," Max Picard writes, "and yet its existence is clearly apparent. It extends to the farthest distances, yet it is so close to us that we can feel it as concretely as we feel our own bodies. It is intangible, yet we can feel it as directly as we feel materials and fabrics."

He reminds us in the opening chapter that silence is the only phenomenon that is "useless". "It does not fit into the world of profit and utility; it simply is. It seems to have no other purpose; it cannot be explained . . . it is holy uselessness".

There are illuminating chapters on Silence and Speech, Things and Silence, Time and Silence, Poetry and Silence, Nature and Silence, and many other aspects of this fascinating subject. Each chapter deepens one's awareness of this strange, beautiful and awesome world of silence.

Music which expresses the inexpressible more fully at times to me than any other medium paradoxically enhances the quality of silence. When the last sounds of an orchestra have died away there is sometimes a pregnant silence before the applause bursts explosively from the listeners. On rare occasions that silence has been prolonged after an exalting performance and how significant it is. That moment of silence in the Hallelujah Chorus is extraordinarily impressive. How beautifully Max Picard speaks of music! "The sound of music is not, like the sound of words, opposed, but rather parallel to silence.

"It is as though the sounds of music were being driven over the surface of silence.

"Music is silence which in dreaming begins to sound."

All great art communicates some quality from this world of silence. The creative artist is essentially a solitary, his inspiration flashes in silence, he creates in his aloneness.

All great poetry possesses a quality of silence.

"Poetry comes out of silence and yearns for silence," says Max Picard. "Like man himself it travels from one silence to another. Great poetry is a mosaic inlaid into silence."

Who has not felt at times deep quietness after reading certain poetry, when closing the book one seems to feel an unutterable sense of peace?

Great architecture, cathedrals, walls, stones, all have a quality of silence surrounding them. And when we come to the deepest experiences of life, are they not all associated with silence?

The Trees

Keats' "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" writes:—

> "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken—
> Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
> Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

When we hear of some self-giving action or have received an unexpected token of someone's affection and tenderness have we not felt bereft of words and become aware of the eloquence of silence? Words can despoil the sweet companionship of persons, and the test of friendship is of being together in happy silence. We all know too that when there is a rift in relationship, silence can often heal after words have proved useless.

Awe, wonder, worship, meditation—these are the essence of religion and all are born in silence. The Quakers have always known the power of silent worship and we should always enter our churches in silence, maintain it before the service commences and have periods of silence during the prayers.

At this time of the year when we are thinking of Christmas we feel again the poetry of the nativity and the silence surrounding it—the silence of the shepherds tending their sheep, the silent adoration of the babe, the silent beasts in the stable, the silent stars, the silent night, the peaceful night.

At the close of this important and impressive book there is this passage from Kierkegaard which we can all contemplate and take to heart. "The present state of the world and the whole of life is diseased. If I were a doctor and were asked for my advice I should reply Create silence! Bring men to silence. The Word of God cannot be heard in the noisy world of today. And even if it were blazoned forth with all the panoply of noise so that it could be heard in the midst of the other noises, then it would no longer be the Word of God. Therefore create silence."

COMMENT

The Age of Innocence

I HAVE just been reading the excellent Penguin translation of André Gide's Autobiography with that name. It may be "uninhibited," but it is a delightful book, written by a man who does not choose to try and escape from facts. He applies that method, of course, to his own early life. He says that while "one would like to believe that in that age of innocence the soul is all sweetness, light and purity. . . . I can remember nothing in mine that was not ugly, dark and deceitful". He exaggerates, of course, but whilst Reynolds' "Age of Innocence" may be appropriate to the philosophical background of the 18th century, one can only wonder at the sentimentalism that the succeeding century poured forth over childhood.

I went to a kindergarten school run by a church, and attended by children of decent people, but when I look back, my judgment is considerably nearer to that of Gide than that of Reynolds. I can remember one instance that I feel ashamed of whenever I think of it. I was out with my nurse, and a boy came along on crutches. All at once I was seized by the same kind of instinct that make hens peck birds that are not up to the ordinary standard of health. Fortunately my nurse saw and stopped me, and administered a slap that, no doubt, has helped to keep the incident in my memory. No; I think that the "innocence of childhood" is an unwarranted assumption. Where childhood has the advantage is that it can so easily respond to a push in the right direction.

The Way He Should Go

André Gide's parents of course, were Protestants, and they had very definite, though opposite, ideas as to the way in which moral ideas should be inculcated in children. His mother, he said, would compare his case to that of the children of Israel, and declare that before living in grace, it was good to have lived under the law. She believed therefore that a child should obey without trying to understand. His father, on the other hand, was in the habit of explaining everything to a child. Gide himself was inclined to agree that his mother was right. One wonders, however, whether it is necessary to draw so fine a distinction. A child, surely, should be expected to obey when his parents bid him, but there seems little reason why all possible explanation should not be combined with command. The God of Law, and the God of Grace are unreal alternatives. I remember asking an uncle of mine on one occasion why men raised their hats to ladies. Perhaps the good man had never considered the question himself, but I got such a "talking-to" that I left the room with the impression that I had done something very reprehensible.

Mightier Yet!

Last night I went to a concert given by the local symphony orchestra as part of the Elgar Centenary celebrations. As one would expect, the concert ended with "Pomp and Circumstance March, No. 1 in D," one of the most stirring marches that was ever written. The orchestra had earlier

performed "Sea Pictures," for contralto and orchestra, and the soloist accompanied the march by singing the well-known words "Land of hope and glory," and the second time the audience was asked to join in. The invitation was irresistible, but I for one felt uncomfortable and out of contact with reality:

"Wider yet and wider shall thy bounds be set;
God who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet."

A lot has happened during the half century and more since those words were first sung, and it is hard for those of us who remember those days to transplant themselves back to the moral climate in which those words did not seem either absurd or blasphemous. It was only four years earlier that one of the dominions had sent around the world a stamp with the inscription: "We hold a vaster empire than has been". Today our thoughts are wiser, even if sadder.

Getting It in Proportion

One who reads even well-informed newspapers regularly is apt to be in constant interchange between optimism and pessimism on the subject of the relative position of this country or the West in general compared with trade rivals or the countries of the Iron Curtain. A few weeks ago Germany seemed to be increasing her reserves at a rapid rate at the cost of the pound. Today, we are told that the flow of money is in reverse, and that a great deal of money has to come out of Germany before the financial position is normal. No longer, moreover, is Germany free from inflation, and many sections of British industry are doing well in German trade. We have been alarmed, too, by Russia's increasing industrial production, but an article in the American magazine "Fortune" now shows that in 5 years Europe has increased its industrial output by 37 per cent., and that Russia's economic growth is actually falling behind that of Europe. Europe too, is narrowing with great rapidity the gap between its productivity and living standards and those of the United States. But then, on top of this, comes a suggestion from our papers that all is not well with nations, and that Western unity is imperilled by this or that action of member powers. The wise man today is very slow to come to final conclusions with regard to the international situation—it is so hard to see it steadily and to see it whole.

A Difference of Opinion

A military officer and a clergyman sat in a train compartment. "If I had a fool of a son, I would certainly have made him a clergyman". "You certainly think very differently from your own father," remarked the other and quietly lit a cigarette.

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The celebrated Schleiermacher was once asked what sort of people attended his public lectures. He said: "My audience consists mainly of students, young ladies and military officers. The students come because I am a member of the Examination Commission. The young ladies come on account of the students; and the officers come because of the young ladies".

Commentator.

"BEYOND THE GOSPELS"

By A. B. Downing

FROM recent correspondence in this journal it is obviously hazardous to try to guess what Unitarians in general today think about the person of Jesus of Nazareth. It is apparently hardly less hazardous to speculate about the exact nature of their belief in God. Our theism seems to be in something of a flux, at least if the more articulate of our brethren are anything to go by. Certainly to be in a restless state of intellectual concern is no bad thing, especially if the concern really springs out of the very human longing to inquire.

Into the mystery of this heart which beats
So wild, so deep in us—to know
Whence our lives come and where they go.

At least we Unitarians, in our various congregations, are united in agreement that this great question as to the exact nature of God matters to all of us and that in the reflective encounters of "worship" Sunday by Sunday we are sharing in something deeply significant, something to which we feel deeply and solemnly drawn.

But what about the figure and person of Jesus himself, round whom so much Christian thinking and terminology revolve. He is a holy figure, sacred to millions of our fellows, but he has not been much mentioned in our recent correspondence on the subject of the Divided Inheritance. Perhaps Jesus himself is a symbol of our spiritual divisions, or rather our modern thoughts about him spark some of them off. The insights of Jesus which can still help us today are generally not moral insights (we have plenty of our own), but insights into the nature of God. If the idea of God does not bother people very much, then perhaps they can be forgiven for passing over the person of Jesus in silence.

However, for many people (some Unitarians included), what Jesus is reported to have said and done is still a matter of personal concern and significance. And even those who want Jesus and all his words and works to be given what they think perhaps is a well-earned rest, have still within them, I dare say, the seeds of curiosity. What was he really like and what do we really know about him? The question can still be asked as an historical one, even if we don't want to make a religious issue out of it. We Unitarians have always been curious about fact and chary of fancy in our interpretations of the well-worn Christian themes. At Christmas and Easter especially all the ardent and full-blooded Unitarian scruples emerge. How indeed, in spirit and in truth, can we interpret all the solemn and the sacred, the stupid and the simple things that are to be found—according to one's temperament—in the Gospel narratives? It is a nice question and I shall flounder about hopelessly if I try to wade into it. . . . So I won't!

Instead, I will merely draw your attention to a little Pelican book by Roderic Dunkerley called "Beyond the Gospels" (price 3s. 6d.). In it you will find a great deal to intrigue you about Jesus, something also perhaps to bewilder you. Dr. Dunkerley, a Congregationalist, is one of the latest scholars to search *outside* the Gospels for the information we would like to have. He answers the question: What did the pagans, the Jews, the Muslims, the heretics and the philosophers know and think and pass on about Jesus. In some respects the New Testament is the most irritatingly limited set of religious documents in the world. It simply does not tell us some of the things we want to know about Jesus. In the early centuries people were just as curious about the Galilean as, at the bottom of our own hearts, we still are today. They gathered all kinds of information from all kinds of sources. There are hints of this in the New Testament itself (cf. John XXI-25 and the first verse of Luke's Gospel). Our author himself writes (p. 98-9): "It is surely a remarkable testimony to the impact that the personality of Jesus made upon the first generations of Christians that such an enormous literature should grow up concerning him, and also that the exploits of his apostles . . . should have been so impressive and fascinating that such a luxuriant growth of imagination and legend should result". Dr. Dunkerley passes this literature and this legend in review, and the little book that he has written can be unreservedly commended to anybody, whether he feels committed to Christ or not. It is so good a book, so informative and popular in the best sense, that if it had been written by a Unitarian with all Dr. Dunkerley's skills and knowledge, it is probable that the Pelican people would still have printed it!

Much of the information it contains is intriguing, some of it is baffling, but some of it is useless if the impact of Jesus as much upon the modern world as the early Christian period is to be assimilated, pondered over and, perhaps, understood.

ANOTHER NEW RELIGION

By Arthur Peacock

THE history of the Bahai faith makes one of the most fascinating chapters in modern religious history. A century ago it was a tiny persecuted sect to whom fanatical ideas were attributed. To-day it is a world-wide movement, recognized by Governments and the United Nations. It has followers in two hundred states and literature translated into one hundred and ninety different languages.

"**All Things Made New**", by **John Ferraby** (**Allen & Unwin, 30s.**), carries the sub-title "a comprehensive outline of the Bahai faith", and has the approval of the National Assembly of the Bahais in this country. The author has been its secretary since 1946. This fact needs to be borne in mind for while this book is informative as to the essential teachings of the faith—especially of the writings of Baha Ullah—and instructive concerning the nature of the internal organization governing the cause, it is lacking somewhat in objectivity where the story of the first days of the movement is concerned.

Mr. Ferraby takes pains to argue that the Bahai movement is not a mere sect rooted in Islamic mysticism as Western scholars have suggested. For him the Bahai faith represents *the* revelation for this day and age and its "central figures" are for him "Manifestations of God". It is a dogma of the faith that at certain periods of history God makes himself manifest in the flesh. Baha Ullah is regarded as the manifestation for our time.

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The fact remains though that the movement's genesis is traced to the Persian Muslim sect, The Shaykkis, whose followers in 1844 ventured forth in search of "the promised one" whom they believed was living on earth. In due time one of their number, a young Shiraz merchant, claimed that he was "the promised one" and others engaged in the quest accepted him as such.

He thus became known as "The Bab"—the gate. His first disciples—they numbered eighteen—carried the faith through Persia with all the zeal of vigorous young missionaries. A community of followers quickly grew and the enthusiasm aroused, occasioned conflict with both traditional religious and political leaders. Bitter persecution followed, culminating in the execution of "The Bab". Mr. Ferraby quotes from a Foreign Office document of the period which one of his colleagues has lately found and which is published here for the first time. It confirms accounts published earlier concerning extraordinary happenings to "The Bab" at the time his execution was planned.

Soon after his death there was dissension in the camp. "The Bab" had appointed Mirza Yaha as his successor. Of him the author finds it difficult to say anything kind or friendly. He is accused of falsifying the writings of "The Bab", encouraging his followers to commit murder and behaving generally in a way that is wholly at variance with religious principles. Under his leadership, we are told, the movement deteriorated, until Baha Ullah asserted his claims and assumed direction.

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Mr. Ferraby must know that evidence exists which shows that Baha Ullah accepted in the first instance Mirza Yaha's succession to the position held originally by "The Bab". The present reviewer finds it difficult to accept the portrait of Mirza Yaha given in these pages. My own teacher in these matters visited Mirza Yaha in the early years of this century at Baghdad where he had still a company of followers around him, and who had much love for him. The description given me in no way equates with that presented in this book. Mr. Ferraby says that in the interval between the "Bab's" death and the accession of Baha Ullah, most of Mirza Yaha's time was spent in hiding. My impression from several sources is that Mirza Yaha was a man of the quiet mystic type, who spent much time in spiritual retreats and lacked the dynamism that Baha Ullah possessed and which enabled the latter to effect the radical change that put Bahaism on the road to becoming a world-wide movement.

There can be no question, though, as to the fact that Baha Ullah was the outstanding man of this cause. Mr. Ferraby provides us with many interesting citations from the many writings of Baha Ullah. These deal with such matters as science and knowledge of God, man and the universe, relationships with other religions, social and economic teaching and particularly with the stress placed upon the concept of world unity, the oneness of humanity, world government and the need for an international language.

In all this there is a good deal that will be appreciated by people outside of the Bahai fold but it must not be thought that the movement belongs to the liberal tradition. It does not. One senses many times in these pages a belief in the "uniqueness" of the Bahai teachings, and in the spiritual superiority of the faith's "central figures". Where the individual Bahai is concerned it is obvious that there is no room for private judgment. Interpretation of Bahai teaching is the prerogative of the Guardian of the Faith. At the moment this position is held by Shoghi Effendi who was appointed under the will of Abdul Baha who died in 1921. The latter is regarded as having been "endowed with a contingent infallibility that is beyond the understanding of man". It was he who carried the faith to many countries and who was knighted by the British Government for his services to the cause of world peace.

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The author provides us with an instructive sidelight on the movement's organization structure and what it envisaged for its future. It is interesting to observe that while attention is focused upon social and economic teaching laid down by Baha Ullah Bahais are not encouraged to participate in politics and that they do not always even exercise their vote because no party's doctrines wholly fit in with the Bahai concepts. We are told, too, that it is a condition of Bahai membership

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that individuals do not belong to other religious societies since the "outworn creeds, ceremonies, and institutions of non-Bahai ecclesiastical organizations are completely at variance with the fundamentals of the cause of Baha Ullah". It needs to be added that this view is not universally held. There are organized groups of Bahais in this and other countries who dispute this and who do belong to other religious groups.

Mr. Ferraby has given us a book which henceforth will be indispensable reading for anyone seeking to understand the claims of this vigorous, missionary faith and who, too, is concerned to discover the secret of the extraordinary appeal it has made in this century—and is still making—in all parts of the world.

FROM MY JOURNAL

By Simplicitas

WE are always hearing that we Unitarians must attract the educated layman. But how? I have been talking to our latest convert tonight, our schoolmaster, K., and learning how very nearly we lost him. He told me he had been out of touch with religion for some years when a sermon title of mine attracted him. He had never given a thought to what Unitarianism might be, but the subject suggested the modern approach to religion which he had been pursuing on his own. So he came. The first hymn was one he had sung in his orthodox youth. He had hoped to avoid the routine of hymn-singing. When the second hymn required him to assert "God is my strong salvation" he said he nearly slipped out. He didn't know what he thought about God and he thought he had left salvation behind him with the embarrassing questioners of his youth. Fortunately, my first prayer—in my own words and not from a service book—expressed his sense of spiritual longing without involving words like "Almighty" which would have antagonized him at once. My second lesson from non-Biblical sources cemented his intention at least to hear the sermon. So through months of discussion and friendship he has come to be one of us, patiently learning to sing as symbols of experience the hymns which others of our numbers could not do without. But various others like him come once and do not come again. I wish there were enough among us to back me in a venture to offer a service for "educated laymen" arranged to avoid the elements that discourage a seeker.

★

Walking home tonight in the rain I called goodnight to Jim C. "May be to you", he growled at me as he passed. I knew something must be sadly wrong with his sunny self. I hadn't seen much of him since he and Marleen had their richly-coloured wedding, and as I felt some pastoral care was called for I turned back and hailed him. To my surprise he accepted my invitation to dry off beside my study fire and have some coffee. When we had disposed of the chances of Redville in their away match to Greytown next Saturday, he glanced round my study and said, "I didn't think it would be like this last time I sat here, when you were talking me and Marleen what we must do after we were married. I've often thought about what you told us about loving and bearing things, but I wish you'd told us not to live with her mother. It's two against one all the time". I forbore to tell him I knew how it would be but that in the eager anticipation of marriage neither would have listened to me if I had counselled waiting for a flat. Now, after months of bitterness, Jim was ready to listen and I had an idea which might lead to something and enable Marleen and him to set themselves up in privacy. The art of biding one's time is one I learn more surely every year. When I was younger I was all too eager to prevent people knocking their heads against walls. I realize now that I must wait until they too admit the walls are there, for youth, like love, is blind.

★

I ran into John Earnest in the Post Office this afternoon while he was still simmering over a matter of arithmetic. He had remarked to his treasurer that he could not afford to get married on his £400 a year. "But that's more than most of us get", his steel-worker friend replied. "And how much do you get" asked his minister too annoyed to be polite. "I usually take home about £13 10s. a week", was the reply. When challenged he confessed he did not in the least know what that worked out at per year. It took pencil and paper to convince the old chap it came to round about £700 clear of insurance and income tax. At first he downright refused to believe it. Have parsons done themselves great disservice in continuing to speak of stipends in yearly figures when so many count their money by the week?

★

Our Women's League today discussed the subject of married women with children going out to work. My wife told me that the married women present agreed in principle, though with safeguards, but that the unmarried women opposed the practice in no uncertain terms. How gladly would they stay at home all day to serve the needs of a beloved husband and children!

THE MEANING OF HISTORY

By John Rowland

IN recent years there have come into prominence a number of writers who have studied history, not quite as historians in the past studied it—to supply a satisfactory complete outline of the events of a particular period in a particular country—but to see if there can be detected some pattern in history as a whole.

Many of these have derived (not always consciously) from a gloomy but readable Victorian classic, Winwood Reade's *The Martyrdom of Man;* others tried to do more fully and more accurately what H. G. Wells attempted in his *Outline of History* and *Short History of the World;* notable

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in more recent days have been Arnold Toynbee's massive *A Study of History* and R. G. Collingwood's *The Idea of History*; these and other writers have tried to provide a general picture of the way in which human societies have changed and evolved over the centuries; but few of them have tied the matter of human history as closely as, perhaps, it should be tied to the history of religion and religious thought. True, Toynbee in his later volumes has clearly attempted to try to point a religious moral; but it is possible that a recent book by Rudolf Bultmann, *History and Eschatology* (Edinburgh University Press; 15s.), which contains the Gifford Lectures for 1955, is the first really to face these issues fairly and squarely.

Bultmann is, of course, well-known to all theologians for his work on Biblical criticism, notably "Form Criticism", and his idea of demythologizing the Bible—that is to say, removing from it the mythical elements which have become entangled with the factual parts, but his general attitude to historical problems has never been quite clear. His new book is an attempt to clarify these issues.

He shows that there are, and there have always been, two attitudes to the problems of the historians; there are some who regard history as a matter of individuals; the Napoleonic Wars took place, according to this theory, because of the personal ambitions of Napoleon; the recent wars took place because of the personal ambitions of the Kaiser and of Hitler. If it had not happened that Napoleon, or the Kaiser, or Hitler, had come into prominence at a particular moment, events might have turned out quite differently.

The opposite view—that all history is the history of communities, of social classes, of economic groups—has been held, in the main, by the Marxists, though there have been non-Marxist historians who would to some extent share it.

But what Bultmann is concerned to do is to show that neither of these explanations is wholly satisfactory, and that the religious believers, whether Jewish or Christian, who have had such influence on modern Western civilization, believed, generally, that there was another factor to be taken into account—the factor which we may call the divine factor; and that this cannot be ignored, since it has often been of crucial importance at turning points of nations and of civilizations.

The believer in divine intervention has, of course, often been mistaken in his assessment of history; Bultmann devotes one of his most interesting chapters in analysing the mistaken belief of the early Church (including Paul and the writer of the Book of Revelation) that the world was soon to come to an end, that Jesus would return and separate out the righteous from the ungodly, and that the final day of judgment would then follow. This belief was generally held nearly 2,000 years ago; it is no longer held, save by a small number of "cranks".

But all who want to know something about the influence of religious belief on the attitude of people in general towards historical questions will find Bultmann's new book of importance. Possibly its title is somewhat unfortunate, since that difficult word, "eschatology", will tend to put off many of the less thoughtful and expert of readers. To them it should be said that this is only intended to indicate that the writer is considering the "end of the world" ideas of the early Church, and putting them into their correct perspective against historical ideas in general.

The book is stimulating and controversial; Bultmann will not carry all his readers with him all the way; but he will, it seems certain, continue to influence thought (especially liberal thought) for a long time to come.

NOTICES

The Music of Christian Hymnody, by Erik Routley (Independent Press, 30s.) is a study of the development of the hymn-tune since the Reformation. It begins with the Lutheran chorale, and comes to modern times, ending with a few observations on contemporary developments. It is a larger subject than may be supposed, consequently some chapters—for example, those on Roman Catholic and American hymnody—are brief summaries; but as a broad history it is excellent, and it contains 200 music examples at the back.

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★

An adventure in publishing is the Men of Wisdom series paper-back books issued by Longmans at 6s. each. Each is copiously illustrated, and the first volumes are, Saint Paul, by Claude Tresmontant, Buddha and Buddhism, by Maurice Percheron, Master Eckhart, by Jeanne Ancelet-Hustache, and Saint Augustine, by Henri Marrou. Each has been translated from the French. Each work is a highly readable and scholarly treatment of its subject. The three Christian books are written entirely from an orthodox Christian viewpoint—but the orthodoxy, for the reader who is able to lay it aside, does not offend.

★

"The test of a good story is whether you want to read it again". This is the standard that the authors of **How to Read the Bible**, edited by Arthur Hayward, Dobson and Barlow, 9s. 6d., bring to the Bible. It is a useful book to give any "beginner".

Without being exciting or intending to be so, this guide would be useful for any intelligent reader who wanted to read the Bible properly for the first time.

"Inquirer".

"TO SEE OURSELVES——"

"My father and my uncles all three had an exacting and lofty moral code. I have rarely encountered characters like theirs except among the Unitarians and the Quakers."

Andre Maurois, "Call no man happy" (p. 14).

"I should add that the Unitarians with us were not troubled by any social difficulty. There was no loss of caste in attending the Unitarian Chapel, I suppose because some

of the Leading Manchester families happened to be Unitarians. So when a Unitarian went over to the Church of England, as sometimes happened, it was presumably from conviction, though I suspect that the lure of Cranmer's prose may occasionally have had something to do with the conviction."

Katharine Chorley's "Manchester Made Them" (p. 174).

CONCERNING MARTYRDOM

By Enid Sheers

I SOMETIMES make the statement that had I lived at the time of the Spanish Inquisition I think I would have agreed to go through the motions of Roman Catholicism rather than be burnt at the stake. This is received with shocked surprise and the query as to where I would be if people had not died for the religious freedom I now enjoy.

I am not clear about the connection between martyrdom and my present ability to worship where I choose, but I am not at all convinced that freedom of *belief* was ever dependent on the sacrifice of individual lives. Knowledge increases through the ages, and with it the revision of belief whether its spokesmen have or have not been victimized for it. While respecting the heroism of martyrs, I am not sure that it was their deaths which brought about such emancipation as exists.

What results were due solely to the death of those who refused to submit to Catholic coercion? The martyrs themselves may have experienced a fleeting satisfaction that they stood their ground to the last, but the fact that Catholicism has gained ground seems to indicate that mankind generally has not been deterred by the revolting practices in Catholic history. Carried to its extreme, allowing oneself to be martyred would leave the persecutors in full power. It may be correct to say that new belief has spread because some escaped the tyranny and lived to perpetuate the cause for which the martyr died. In many cases, they have employed subterfuge in order to escape, and I gather from my critics that subterfuge is only dishonourable when one is once in the persecutor's clutches.

The martyr is said to be a shining example because he chooses to die rather than "recant"; because physical courage is a guarantee of *bona fides*. A guarantee to whom? Not to himself, for he needs no guarantee. His persecutors are too insensitive to be impressed. A guarantee to his co-believers, then? Does the strength of the faith of those who think as he does depend on his preparedness to die for the beliefs in question? This surely means that that faith is so insecurely held that it can be cemented or shaken by the physical courage or lack of it displayed by the martyr. Deep conviction should not need the witness of others.

We should be warned by the fate of Christianity against supposing that crucifixion is a guarantee of survival of that faith. The views so bravely launched by Jesus have now been replaced largely by the cult of the Cross. Christendom has been so enthralled and obsessed by the martyrdom that it has missed the significance of the message.

Real belief cannot be changed under duress. The "choice" between death and the impossible is not a valid one and should not be taken too seriously. The way out has the backing of no less a person than Jesus. "If anyone should command ye to go with him a mile, go with him twain". Not refuse to go at all. Go further, if necessary, than he has tried to make you go. Catholicism is more performance than belief to non-Catholics, and an enforced part can be played without retracting one iota from inherent belief.

I hope my beliefs are strong enough not to depend on the heroism of those who share them. I hope that others who share mine do not depend for the continued holding of them on my courage in the face of intimidation, for I may not rise to it, or I may deem it the better part of valour to live (if the imposed terms are mechanically possible) to fight another day. And I hope, above all, that if my beliefs represent any aspect of religious Truth, that that Truth will not totter because, in my weakness or choice of policy, I live and continue to hold them within the, to me superficial, framework of Catholic ritual if a successor to the Inquisition ever rears its ugly head.

CORRESPONDENCE

Letters should be addressed to the Editor, "The Inquirer", 14 Gordon Square, London, W.C. 1. They should not in general exceed three to four hundred words in length.

The Clerical Collar

SIR,—Some time ago, Simplicitas's John Earnest was looking for a Faith. Now he has given up his clerical collar because of the remark of a peculiar youth at a football match. We may hope that his Faith when he finds it may be firmer than his opinions on clerical dress. Otherwise it is likely to change again if it does not meet with the approval of a leader of the Girl Guides. However, good came of this. His treasurer told him that as a result of this small change in his attire a mighty change had taken place such as we are more accustomed to see only as the result of shock therapy. He would feel in future like "one of us", meaning the congregation.

But however he feels, let John beware. He may put on his brightest tie and become hail-fellow-well-met to the members of his committee and trustees at the "local". They may call him "Jack" and he may call the treasurer "Bill". But alas, when the next business meeting takes place he may find that he is not quite one of them. He may spend a hundred hours in the chapel for every one that they do. He may know the finances to a penny, indeed he may have provided a goodly portion of them by his activities. His happiness and his living may depend much on the outcome of their deliberations, and if the chapel suffers by any unwisdom of theirs, the blame will be his. But into that little parliament he must not go though he be "one of them", for he is the minister, and in his later years he may discover that there is no denomination in which there is a greater gulf fixed between laity and ministers than his own.

As for clerical collars, the wearing of them is a matter of local custom and of common sense. A wise minister, thoughtful for his people, will not wear a clerical collar when he has to go round the second-hand clothes shops. Incidentally, I once heard a venerable elder say to a young minister who referred to his clerical collar as a "dog collar": "Young man, if you feel like that about it, you should take it off". The expression is out of place when used by any minister. The implication is obvious, and the laity are seldom amused at this feeble attempt to show that the speaker is just an ordinary fellow who has to wear this peculiar garment. He has not got to.

Whether we wish it or not, a minister is a man apart, and he will be happier and do better and be more esteemed when he faces that fact and accepts it. Whether he wears the badge of his office or not is a very small matter.—Yours,

Belfast. *A. L. Agnew.*

Hibbert Lectures

SIR,—As a former Hibbert Scholar, may I inquire how Mr. C. A. Joyce, as a Hibbert Lecturer, conforms to the objects of the Hibbert Trust ("The spread of Christianity in its most simple and intelligible form," etc.) if I am right in understanding that he is a Trinitarian Christian, and not a supporter of non-subscribing and non-credal religion?

Are we to infer that he has recently been converted to this freer and simpler form of Christianity, and will therefore in future not appear so frequently in B.B.C. orthodox Christian programmes?

But I see from the columns of *The Inquirer* that "Mr. Joyce reminded us of the importance of the message of Jesus Christ, Who did not say 'This is the way' or 'That is the way', but 'I am the Way'."—Yours,

Aberdeen. *L. Baker Short.*

Holiday Homes, Great Hucklow

SIR,—The Homes Management Committee of the Unitarian Holiday Homes at Great Hucklow, Buxton, wish to dispose of the bungalow at Barleycrofts Home, and feel that before making offers to people outside the Unitarian movement, their intention should be made known to members of our churches and Sunday Schools. It is probable that the building may be of some use to Scouts or sports clubs affiliated to our movement. May we make this known through the medium of your correspondence columns.

Societies, clubs, and individuals interested are invited to write to me at Great Hucklow.—Yours,

Buxton, Derbyshire. *Eric Phillips, Secretary, For the Homes Management Committee.*

THE INQUIRER

All letters and communications for the Editor must reach the Office not later than Monday morning for publication the same week. All communications should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

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NEWS REVIEW

CAROL SERVICE AT IPSWICH

Sunday, November 24, dawned crisp and frosty in Cambridge. Over the fens the sun shone shyly through the morning mist. Seasonable weather. A good day for a carol service.

The sun was already sinking into an orange-tinted sunset as the coaches sped smoothly towards Ipswich. The congregations of the Eastern Union were converging for what is hoped may become an annual carol service. From Norwich, Hapton, Cambridge, Yarmouth, Bodfield and Framlingham they came and a warm welcome awaited them. When they arrived, they crowded into the church hall where hot tea and buns, ably provided by our hosts, were greatly appreciated by all, particularly the Norwich choirboys.

Meanwhile, inside the Old Meeting House preparations for the service were nearly complete. The twenty-four candles were being lit on the fine brass candelabra which hangs in the centre. The wooden balconies round three sides, disused for some years, had been cleaned and tested for the occasion as they were required by the choirs. Candles burned there, too, as the service was held partly by candlelight. A description of this fine old chapel is contained in the contract for its building in 1700. "Joseph Clarke, for and in consideration of the sum of tenn pounds of lawfull English money to him in hand allready payd, and of the sum of £247 of like money hereafter, shall in good orderly and workmanlike manner make and now build a good new strong and substantiall house for a meeting place which shalbe in length sixtie foot, and in Breadth fifte foot, to be built with a double Roofe to be boorne up in the middle with four good and substantiall Collumns. The height to be one and twenty foot from the floor to the Seelings. All the walls of the said building shalbe Lathed without side with good red furr wood, and the said building to have two payr of good substantiall doores, and as many necessary grt-windows. . . . The pulpit, beautifully carved, stands against the long south wall in the centre of a fine range of glazed windows, and on this evening near the pulpit stood a lighted Christmas tree.

*

Soon all was ready and as the congregation filed into the box pews down below, the choirs found their positions in the balconies up above. The Old Meeting House has seen congregations large and small in its day and was well able to hold the two hundred now present.

The service took the form of alternate carols and readings. Some of the carols were sung by the congregation and the rest by the choirs separately. The Foy Society Choir from Cambridge opened with "A Child this day is born". "This is the truth sent from above" and "The Cradle". The Yarmouth Choir continued with "Sleep, holy babe" and "Holy Night". Then followed the delightful singing of the Boys' Choir from Norwich with "Whence is that goodly fragrance" and "In the Bleak Midwinter". The Foy Choir concluded with "A virgin most pure" and "If you could hear the angels singing".

*

The lessons, read by representatives from each church, took the theme, as it was still some time before Christmas, of good neighbourliness, with such readings as "The Good Samaritan". The theme developed as the service proceeded. Appropriately enough, towards the end of the service we heard one of the choirs singing:

"Rise, and open wide the door,
Christians, rise! The world is wide,
And many there be that stand outside.
Yet Christmas comes in the morning."

The service over, we all filed out into the cold night air. Outside many people were talking, many hands were being shaken. Soon the coaches were returning homewards.

Such combined services take much organizing, but the effort is well worth while. They are memorable occasions.

—M. F.

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HIBBERT TRUST LECTURES

The Divinity of Christ

The second in the series of Junior Lectures held at Lyme Regis Grammar School under the Hibbert Trust was given by the Rev. G. Tiarks, vicar of Lyme Regis, on the subject "Why believe?" He told us that we must decide whether man is no more than a highly developed animal, or whether he belongs into a different order of creation. If we are just superior animals, we must live by the laws of the animal kingdom. We must place the claims of the pack or mass above the individual. If we agree that man has a soul, then the animal law will destroy him, if he lives by it.

Where can we find a higher standard of behaviour? Can we hope to find an absolute standard of good, when history shows that human conventions are unreliable? The existence of a moral law has always been recognized, but where is the final authority? The Rev. Tiarks said that for us in the western civilization the answer can only be Jesus, and he explained why he regarded the life and teaching of Jesus as the final authority. He said it is fashionable to recognize Jesus as perhaps the greatest moral teacher, but to dismiss his claim to be God. But it was that which led to the Cross. If we believe the gospels we must accept the fact that Jesus performed miracles. The greatest miracle is the Resurrection. If it did not happen, the Christian faith would be based on an illusion. The tomb was empty. Something happened to change the whole approach of the friends of Jesus. If the Resurrection was nothing more than a hysterical, misleading illusion, Christianity cannot be the final authority for which we are seeking.

*

In the discussion which followed the Rev. Tiarks was called on to reconcile the basis of his argument, the Divinity of Jesus, with the human nature of Jesus. He was asked whether Jesus was given free will, for if his temptations was to have any significance he must have been able to sin. The Rev. Tiarks answered that the life of Jesus would have been a mockery if he could not have gone wrong. Jesus was perfect man, and he could have failed to accomplish his mission for which God had sent him. Had this happened we could only hope that the love of God would have prevailed and that he would have produced another Incarnation of

the same kind. Asked whether this did not deny the doctrine that Jesus is the only-begotten Son, the Rev. Tiarks pointed out that as Jesus had succeeded in his purpose, his was the only Incarnation. But he had to admit that, had Jesus failed, the doctrine on this point might have been different, and it was a matter of speculation whether God would again have chosen a virgin birth as the way for another Incarnation.

Like Mr. C. A. Joyce, the Rev. Tiarks did not believe that Christianity is the only ticket to salvation. We must all follow the Truth as we apprehend it. A person who honestly cannot accept Christianity is more likely to follow the Truth than he who accepts Christianity without question, but to whom it makes little difference in his life. It is not true that a Communist who has no religion therefore has no soul, which after death has no chance of reaching what we call heaven, for want of a better word. If this seems to deny the necessity for the sacrifice of Jesus, the Rev. Tiarks said that in Jesus we are given the opportunity to see the ultimate Truth—the fundamental and perfect revelation of what God is like.

[*Summary by* D. MEYER-KLUGEL, JUDD.]

Horsham: A full church heard a concert of Psalms, Madrigals and Rounds given by twenty members of the St. Martin's Singers of London on Wednesday, November 20. Eileen Poulter (soprano) and Wilfred Brown (tenor) of the B.B.C. were soloists. The conductor of the choir, W. D. Kennedy-Bell (B.B.C. producer) has broadcast over 1,500 hymns in the General Overseas Service with his choir.

The Church greatly appreciated this generous gesture of a famous choir in offering its services freely to the Church and for the fine atmosphere that a mingling of high musical talent and unassuming friendliness achieved. Refreshments were prepared for the visitors in the Church Hall.

Eileen Poulter, Wilfred Brown, and Martin Hall (writer and speaker of the scripts) have worked together with W. D. Kennedy-Bell (producer) as a team. Their next series of programmes on the Overseas Service under the general heading of "Think on These Things" is called "Treasures of the Kingdom". The theme-hymn "The wise may bring their learning" is to the tune "Tyrolese". The series begins on December 29.

On Saturday, November 23, an Autumn Fair held at the Church realized about £50.

Stand Chapel: A successful Gift Week-End was held on Saturday and Sunday, November 16 and 17.

A Novelty Fair was held in the Sunday School on the Saturday afternoon, and was opened by the Mayor of Prestwich, Councillor M. M. Fidler, J.P., with the President of the Society, Mr. N. H. Bridge in the chair. A Novelty Dance and Whist Drive organized by the U.Y.P.L. was held in the evening. The Sunday morning Service was a Family Service based on the theme "Walking through Life with God". Gift envelopes were received in the Memorial Hall before the Service by the School Queen, Miss Jean Depledge, and the President of the Society and his wife. A special Fellowship Service was held in the evening, when more Gift Envelopes were received; the Sermon subject being "United in God we stand". Candles were lit by representatives of all the organizations connected with the Chapel and School which formed the letter "U". Both Services were well attended and the result of the week-end was a total of £431.

Rochdale: On Saturday, November 16, the members of the Rochdale Unitarian Church and Sunday School held their annual Sale of Work. The opening proceedings were divided into two parts. First, the Sunday School scholars gave a short performance of songs and dancing, and then Mr. Nathan Ashworth, Sunday School Superintendent, introduced the opener, an old friend who really needed no introduction, Mr. A. Rogers, of Bank Street, Bury. Like all good openers, his remarks were brief but apt. He reminded his audience of the underlying purpose of the Sale of Work, and made it plain that Unitarianism, which had a tremendous contribution to make in the modern world, stood for belief in the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, the Leadership of Jesus and Tolerance.

He was thanked by the Minister, the Rev. F. W. Barr. The ladies provided a good tea and, in the best Lancashire tradition, a potato-pie supper was held in the evening. A film show was another attraction which was well attended.

The gratifying sum of £482 was raised and it was felt by all that this was a fitting conclusion to what has been a most successful year.

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Aberystwyth, Unitarian Church, Baker Street, 11 and 6, Supply
Aberystwyth, New Street Meeting House, 11, Mr. Caradoc Morgan
Altrincham, Dunham Road Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Arthur W. Vallance
Ashworth, Unitarian Church, Rhondda Road, 11.15 and 3, Rev. B. Gill
Ashton, Unitarian Church, Hurst Brow, 6.30, Supply
Bath, Trim Street Chapel, Unitarian, 11, Rev. E. Bowden
Belfast, All Souls, Elmwood Avenue, 11.30 and 7, Dr. A. L. Armour
Belfast, First Church, Rosemary Street, 11.30 and 7, Dr. H. J. McLachlan
Bexley Unitarian (by Abermarle), Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. John Kirtley
Bideford, Free Church, High Street, 11, Rev. J. Martyn Hall
Bournemouth, Unitarian Church, Boscombe Road, 6.30 (December 15) Rev. Maurice Johnson
Bournemouth, Church of Martyrs, Bexhill Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Cameron Stewart
Bournemouth, Wycombe Road Church, and Manor Road Mission, Bexhill Heath, 6.30, Rev. Richard Nicholson
Bradford, Bexhill Street, Unitarian Street, 10.45 and 6.30, Mr. E. A. West
Bradford, Heath Street, Lidgate Road, 11 and 6.30, Supply
Bradford, Bexhill Street, 2.30, Sunday School; 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. F. H. Ryde
Bradford, Chellow Dene Road, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. Ambrose J. Lewis
Bradford (Lidget), Unitarian Chapel, Heath Lane, 6.30, Rev. Henry Hall
Bradford, Unitarian Church, Bexhill Road, 11, Rev. Lawrence Redman
Bradford, Bexhill Avenue, 11.15, Supply
Bradford, Trinity Bexhill Square, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. Frank A. Bexhill
Bradford, Christ Church, Bexhill Street, 3, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. W. H. Cowell
Bradford, Unitarian Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. Bertram Jones
Bradford, Unitarian Church, New Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Ivan Rowland
Bradford, Lowell's Mead Meeting, 6.30, Rev. A. H. Bexhill
Bradford, Bexhill Road, 11, Rev. A. H. Bexhill, 6.30, Mr. A. S. Moore
Bradford, Unitarian Church, Bexhill Street, 3, Rev. L. Hallworth
Bradford, Bexhill Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. Bexhill Price
Bradford, Memorial Church, Bexhill Road, 11 and 6, Rev. H. Bexhill Cattle
Bradford, The West Grove Unitarian Church, 3.30, Weekly, 6.30, Rev. Ivor Jones
Bradford, The Church of the Great Compassion, Bexhill Hill, 3, Mrs. Irene Hyde
Bradford, Bexhill Unitarian Church, Bexhill Well, 11, Bexhill Service, 3, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. J. M. Quinn
Bradford, Matthew Henry's Chapel, Trinity Street, 11, Rev. L. A. Garrod, 6.30, Dr. S. J. Kennedy
Bradford, Bexhill Yard Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. Ernest Jones
Bradford, Chapel, Ashworth, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. Kenneth Peters
Bradford, Free Christian Church, Bexhill Street, 6.30, Supply
Bradford, Unitarian Church, Bexhill Street, 11 and 6.30, Mrs. M. S. Dixon
Bradford, Unitarian Church, Wellington Street, 11 and 6.30, Mrs. M. S. Dixon
Bradford, Free Christian Church, Wellesley Road, 11, Rev. J. P. Clark (also 6.30 1st Sunday in the month)
Bradford, Bexhill Street, 10.45, Rev. A. B. Dawson, Street, 3, Rev. A. B. Dawson
Bradford, Wilton Street Chapel, 11, Children's Chapel, 6.30, Rev. Peter Cotton
Bradford, Peter Gate Unitarian Church, 6.30, Rev. C. Quentin Bexhill
Bradford, Old Meeting House, 10.45, Miss H. E. Wood
Bradford, Free Christian Church, Bexhill Gate, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. W. Pennington
Bradford, Ashton Street, Unitarian Church, 11, Junior Church, 6.30, Miss R. Hildreth
Bradford, Stephen's Green, West, 11.30 and 7.30, Rev. E. Bexhill Hiley
Bradford, Old Meeting House, Wolverhampton Street, 11 (1st and 3rd Sundays) and 6.30, Mr. J. H. Bexhill
Bradford, Old Chapel, Chapel Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. S. P. Wormersley
Bradford, Unitarian Church, 17 Constitution Road, 11, Rev. A. E. Pugh
Bradford, St. Bexhill's Church, Castle Terrace, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. B. Tarbuck
Bradford, George's Church, Bexhill Street, 6.30, Rev. T. J. Bexhill
Bradford, Bexhill Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. Bexhill Smith
Bradford, St. Unitarian Church, Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. Jesse Carlisle
Bradford, Bexhill Street, Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. J. M. Quinn
Bradford, Ward Street Church, 11.15, Rev. E. Bexhill Hiley, Circle
Bradford, Bexhill Street, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. Jesse Bexhill
Bradford, Presbyterian Hall, 10.45, Rev. J. E. Bexhill, 6.30, Mr. F. Knowles
Bradford, Free Christian Church, Bexhill Terrace, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Dennison Hewson
Bradford, Great Meeting, Bexhill Lane, 11 and 6, Supply
Bradford, Meeting House, 6.30, Rev. J. Bexhill Bell
Bradford, Presbyterian Bexhill, 6.30, Rev. F. E. Bexhill
Bradford, Park Bexhill Church (Unitarian), 6.30, Rev. Harry Bexhill
Bradford, Bexhill Place, Unitarian Church, 6.30, Mr. T. Wakefield
Bradford, Bexhill Place, Unitarian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Stanley W. Hiley
Bradford, Bexhill Street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Andrew Bexhill
Bradford, St. Bexhill Street Church, 6.30, Supply
Bradford, Bexhill Chapel, City Square, 10.45, Rev. F. L. Gillespie, 6.30, Rev. Jesse Bexhill
Bradford, Parliament Road, 11, Junior Church, 6.30, Mr. C. V. Walton
Bradford, Bexhill Church, Bexhill Road Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Lawrence Redman
Bradford, Bexhill Street, Mrs. F. E. Lowman, Bellamy, Garth Road, 11, —
Bradford, Unitarian Church, 11, Supply
Bradford, Bexhill Street, Unitarian Church, 6.30, Rev. H. W. Hopkins
Bradford, Bexhill Church of Pentecost, 11 and 6.30, Dr. P. W. Thomas
Bradford, Bexhill Place, Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. W. Bexhill Bell
Bradford, Bexhill Street, Unitarian Church, 6.30, Rev. J. Bexhill Morgan
Bradford, Bexhill Street, 11, Rev. Bexhill J. Bexhill
Bradford, Bexhill Street, Unitarian Church, 2, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. N. Bexhill
Bradford, Bexhill Street, 6.30, Rev. C. A. Bexhill
Bradford, Unitarian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. D. Bexhill
Bradford, Bexhill Street, Unitarian Church, 6, Rev. Bexhill Bell, Lewis
Bradford, Bexhill Street, Unitarian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Bexhill Bell
Bradford, Bexhill Street, Unitarian and Bexhill Street Chapel, 6.30, Mr. G. J. Price
Bradford, Bexhill Street, 11, Rev. E. G. Bell
Bradford, Bexhill Church, Bexhill Gate Church, Notting Hill Gate, 11, Rev. Gordon Bexhill
Bradford, Bexhill Gate, Upper Lane, 6.30, Rev. Dennis Bexhill
Bradford, Gordon Church, Bexhill Lane, 11, Rev. R. C. Thompson, 6.30, Rev. Rev. J. Gordon Bell
Bradford, Bexhill Street, 11, Rev. Bexhill Bell
Bradford, Bexhill Street, Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. Bexhill Bell
Bradford, Bexhill Street, Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. E. Bexhill
Bradford, Bexhill Street, Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. Bexhill Bell
Bradford, Bexhill Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Bexhill Bell
Bradford, Bexhill Street, Unitarian Church, 11, Junior Church,

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Unitarian Holidays Abroad, 1958

French Riviera, June; Norway, July; Denmark-Sweden, Brussels, Lugano, August. Lone travellers welcome. Why not organize a church group? Write: the Rev. Parkinson, 32 Windsor Road, Doncaster.

Christmas Appeal

SIR,—As the traditional season of good will comes round again, may I be permitted to bring to the notice of your readers the work of the London Domestic Mission Society? Although times and conditions have changed since I first made my appeal thirty-four years ago, there is still a work for us to do, and we cannot be equal to the needs unless sustained by our many friends.

We appeal for gifts to the general funds or for special "Christmas cheer" for the children and the old folk, and we know the joy of the giver will be enriched by the knowledge that such help enables our faith to be sustained in difficult places and where it can be gratefully appreciated.

Please address to Councillor the Rev. Walter M. Long, 28 Bell Street, London, N.W.1.—Yours,

London, N.W.1. *Walter M. Long.*

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MEMORIAL TABLETS IN BRASS & BRONZE

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Thirty-First List of Promises and Subscriptions

Cairo Street Chapel, Warrington			
Mr. & Mrs. T. Bailey	5	5	0
Mr. & Mrs. R. Barton	5	5	0
Mrs. O. Bissell	5	5	0
Miss L. A. Miller	5	5	0
Miss M. Mowat	5	5	0
Mr. & Mrs. W. Penny	5	5	0
Miss H. Short	5	5	0
Miss A. Smith	5	5	0
Miss A. Spencer, Collecting Box	13	9	
Miss Deakin and Pat Simpson, Blackwell Place, Aberdeen	2	12	10
A. The Green, Aberdeen	2	2	0
The late A. Prosser, Aberdeen	1	1	0
Donald Ross, Blairgowrie	1	1	0
Taylor Benson Fund	10	0	0
Miss Ruth Hayward, Bristol	5	0	0
Miss Jessie Cruickshank, Aberdeen		4	1
Miss D. Pilley		4	1
Mrs. Hobbs, Monton Church		4	1
Altrincham Church			
Collecting Box		5	6
Collecting Box		11	0
Miss D. Bamford	5	5	0
Men's White Dress	5	5	0
Mrs. T. Lyndon, Swinton Church	2	0	0
Swinton Unitarian Free Church	16	0	0
Pendleton Unitarian Free Church	5	0	0
Mr. & Mrs. A. S. Thresher, Bromfield	1	1	0
Rev. John Hopkins, M.A., Bowers, Leeds	1	0	0
Harold F. Pearson, London	10	0	0
The Ladies, Bridlington Unitarian Church, Newchurch, Lancs.	10	0	0
Mansfield Street Church, London			
Mr. & Mrs. C. Robertson	10	0	
Mrs. A. Field	10	0	0
Miss M. M. Hawley	1	0	0
Miss E. Thompson	1	0	0
A. Thompson	1	0	0
Mrs. Hopper	10	0	0
Miss M. Hicks	1	0	0
E. Martin	10	0	0
Mr. & Mrs. J. Pedro	1	0	0
Mr. & Mrs. S. Hollins	1	10	0
Mr. & Mrs. H. S. Baker	1	1	0
G. Johnson		1	0
Friends	1	1	0
Lewisham Church	3	16	9
Richmond Free Church			
Mr. & Mrs. A. Hillmond	1	0	0
Collecting Boxes	3	17	3
Collecting Box, Wandsworth Church		11	4
Mr. & Mrs. Frank B. Frederick, Milton, Mass., U.S.A.	3	10	0
Sunday School, Church of the Divine Unity, Newcastle-upon-Tyne	3	3	0
Park Lane Chapel, Nethermill, Crosby			
R. Attwood, Collecting Box	1	5	0
Mrs. Johnson, Collecting Box	1	1	3
Misses Emmins and Binfield, Collecting Box		18	10
Mrs. L. Attwood	1	0	0
The Congregation	1	0	0
Thursday Class	1	5	0
Highgate Hill Unitarian Church, London			
Miss Chilcott	1	1	0
Miss Pearson		10	0
Miss Mann		15	6
Miss C. Davis	1	15	0
Mrs. J. T. T. Cooper	5	0	0
Rev. R. D. Pierce, Boston, U.S.A.	2	2	0
Old Meeting, Edmonton	4	10	3
The Women's League, Green Hailsham	2	0	0
J. C. G. Barnes, Bristol	5	5	0
Barton Street, Unitarian Chapel, Gloucester	9	11	0
	4102	17	2
Total Donations and Promises			
Already published	£39,061	18	2
This list	102	17	2
	£39,164	15	4

Treasurer: Leslie Pearce, F.A.C.C.A., Certified Accountant, Willow House, Wrenthorpe, Wakefield, Yorks.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE UNITARIAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Vol. XI · Part 3 · 1957

Editor: C. GORDON BOLAM

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MEMORIES OF THE ORIGIN AND BUILDING OF ULLET ROAD CHURCH, LIVERPOOL (1896-1899) *Ronald P. Jones*

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WILLIAM SHAEN (1829-1887) *H. John McLachlan*

RECORD SECTION · REVIEW · OUR CONTEMPORARIES

LIST OF OFFICERS · REPORT · ACCOUNTS

Issued only to members of the Society. Membership is 7s. 6d. per annum. Transactions free. Apply to Rev. F. Kenworthy, Unitarian College, Victoria Park, Manchester, 14.

Death

Atkinson—Suddenly, on November 22, at Wallington, Surrey, James William Atkinson, I.S.O., M.I.E.E., in his 88th year, late head of the late Florence Atkinson, Editor of Dorothy S. Twiss, Muriel F. Lancaster and James R. Atkinson. (Hawthorn Passage, Atherton, Manchester.)

Ministerial Change

The Rev. W. H. Cordell, of Bridgwater and Taunton, is undertaking the ministry of the Glenesk Unitarian Church in the New Year.

Printed by Straker and Son Ltd., Queens Road, Southend-on-Sea and Published by The Inquirer Proprietors Co., Ltd., at the Inquirer Office, 14 Gordon Square, W.C.1.—Manchester (Wednesday) Inter-Universal, Glasgow, Saturday, December 7, 1957